

## **Bring on the Rain: A Poem by Patrick Brusdkiewich**

The smell it came before the rain  
as powerful as the clouds. The sky  
itself did not stay unchanged.  
It moved without a sound.

The day, well, the day stood still  
unlike the clouds that hurried past.  
The mist broke upon the hill  
the haze, the vapour, would not last.

And in the sky the horrid sun  
bore down upon the world. It fought  
a battle it might have won  
were it not fleeing from its lot.

The cursed sun, be gone, be gone  
the damage you have done ... leave ...  
Bring on the rain, the torrential  
rain, the unmitigating run.